

CLUB INTERNATIONAL

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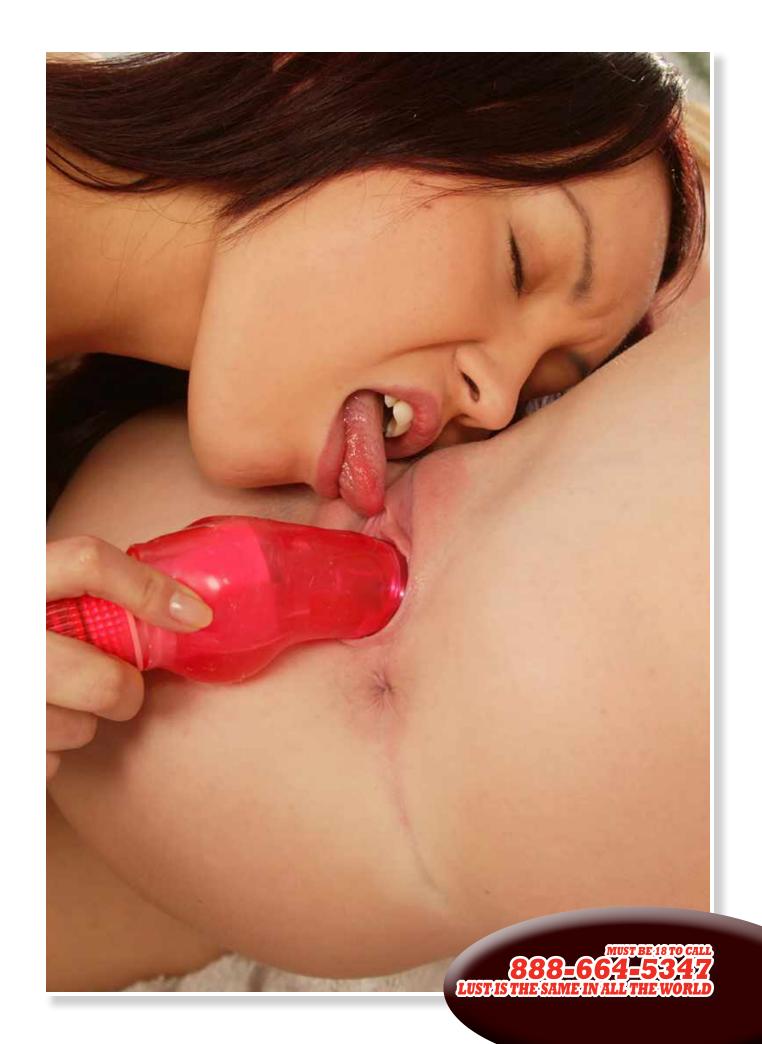














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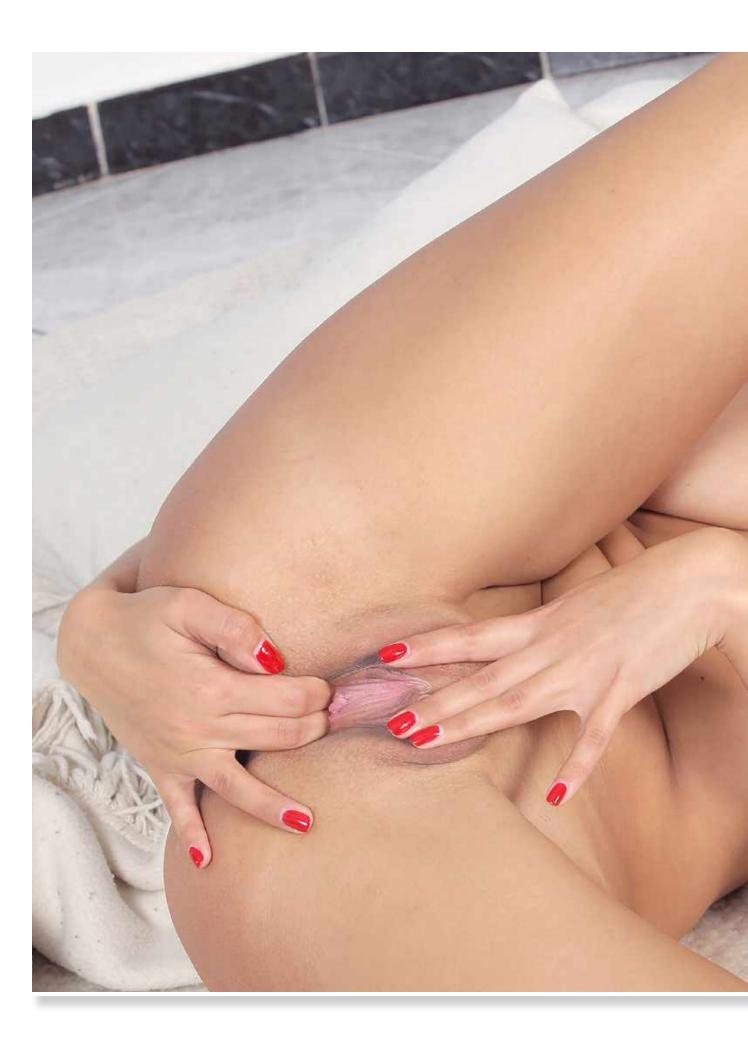


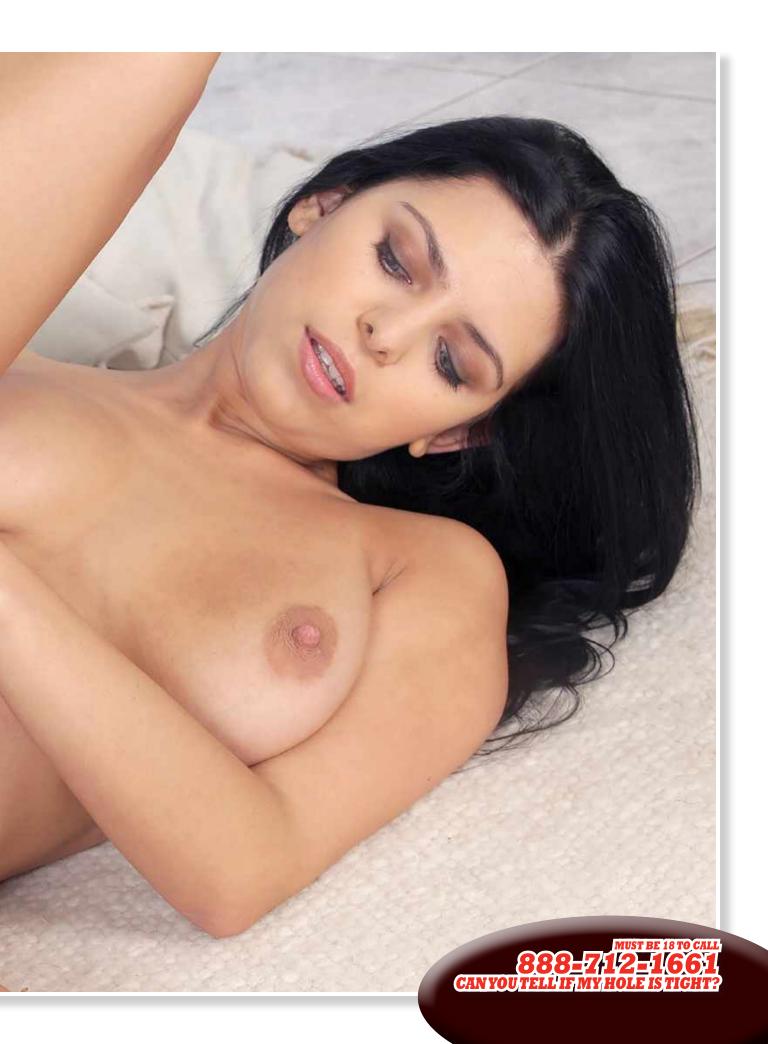












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t all started one night at a card game. Jacques and I had been going together for almost three months. We'd been talking about the possibility of his moving into my appartement, but I wasn't sure. Our sex life was great, and he had even proposed that we swap partners. Which would have given me more sex if I needed it, but the concept of swinging didn't appeal to me.

The night he told me he'd invited a couple of people over for a game of cards, I felt very wary. It was nothing he said, but something I picked up, I guess. "Who?" I asked.

"Camille and Jeremy; a new couple I met at work. I serviced their computer recently." (Jacques's a computer technician) When I saw Camille, something clicked in my mind. Long auburn hair in beautiful waves; brown eyes, almost amber; stacked. Wasn't this the woman Jacques had been describing a little too enthusiastically the other day? I was cordial in my reception, but guarded. The French have a way about them I still don't understand,

"What are we playing?" Jeremy asked. He looked at Jacques. "Bridge, I guess to start with," Jacques answered. An odd response! You don't start with bridge and then shift to poker. Jeremy shrugged his shoulders and sat down at the table.

"Why don't we play poker, if we're going to play cards first?" Camille asked. "Bridge takes too long; we won't have time for anything else. Tomorrow's a work day, remember? We'll have to be leaving early."

Jacques threw her a 'be quiet' look and Jeremy looked uncertain. "Maybe we should just get acquainted over some drinks," he

suggested. "We don't usually play cards first. That was Jacques's idea. Of course there's no reason not to, except time..."

I thought I was getting the picture; the focus got better every second! That rat-bastard Jacques had invited them over to swap partners! 'Cards' was just a pretext so he'd accomplish two things: (a) to get me inducted into swinging and to get it on with the redhead he'd been drooling over.

In our conversations about swinging, Jacques had always maintained he liked to swap only with one other couple, and not to go to an orgy or on-site swing club. He had told me he didn't mind sharing his woman with another man, but he couldn't stand the thought of her with another woman (a common activity in such places). I was pissed at Jacques for tricking me like this, and a plan of revenge began forming in my angry brain. "Maybe you're right about the cards," I said cheerily, sitting back down right next to Camille. "How long have you guys been swapping now?"

"Two years," Camille answered, confirming my suspicions. I sat a little closer. She still had no idea that anything was going on and I felt bad about using her. I also felt scared. What if I couldn't go through with this? I'd never in my life touched another woman sexually. I kept up the conversation, punctuating it with a hand on her arm, a pat on her shoulder. I turned around so our knees touched. I admired her hair and ran my hand through her waves. I used every trick guys had ever used on me, to touch her in a seemingly casual manner and maintain contact.

It worked. Her face glowed; her body posture showed she was receptive. And far from seeming uncomfortable about my tactics, she appeared more at ease than when she had walked in. I put an arm around her and left it there, and then I rested my other hand on her leg. Then I began moving my hand slowly back and forth, rubbing her leg gently and exciting her even more.

It may sound strange that I could go so far out of sheer anger, but then you don't know my temper, which is legendary among my friends. The one thing I will not put up with is somebody purposely fucking me over. And my reaction is always extreme.

Camille rested a hand on my arm and her other hand ran through my hair. "You have nice hair too," she said, stroking my face and playing with my 'do. I didn't know what the rules were, or even what the moves were supposed to be. All I knew about sex between women was what I'd seen in mov-

ies. I knew even less about swinging, but I took a chance and kissed her softly on the lips.

The kiss was a question, and she answered it by opening her lips. I pressed my tongue into her mouth and encountered her dry and pointy tongue, which darted into my mouth like a snake. Back and forth our two tongues went, exploring each other's mouths. "What do you think you're doing?" It was Jacques's voice.

"Isn't that what this get-to-gether is all about?" I asked him, keeping most of the bitchiness out of my voice. Camille never picked up on it. Jeremy had a questioning look on his face, but the look on Jacques's face was pure murder. It was the look on Camille's face that got to me, though: unadulterated desire. Somewhere, I'd pushed a button in her body and lit her up. I stopped talking and resumed kissing her, encouraged by her response.

amille surprised me by taking the Initiative. She pulled my sweater up over my head, exposing my huge tits and their pale brown peaks, which she began sucking avidly. Though her mouth work was eager, it wasn't the hungry-dog suction of an over-eager guy that I'd experienced often before. Instead, it was the work of a woman who knew and loved what she was doing.

Her lips moved back and forth over the brown bumps around my nipples, and then her tongue pressed down directly on the nipples. She scraped my tits with the rough, flat surface of her tongue. It felt unlike anything a man had ever done to me, and there was a stirring within my body that surprised and alarmed me. I was responding to the workings of Camille's tongue and lips on my breasts; I hadn't expected this! I was guite prepared to trick Jacques, in revenge for his setting me up and tricking me, but I was totally unprepared for this erotic sensation! I was getting turned on by another woman.

I panicked and pulled away from Camille. "Bashful?" she asked.

"Would you rather go into the other room?" She gestured toward the bedroom, and I nodded my head in agreement. In there I could confide in her and ask if she'd go along with the joke, or at least not tell Jacques—even if she had to tell Jeremy. Once we got behind the closed door of the bedroom, however, I was unable to tell her the truth.

For one thing, there was Jacques's look as I'd gotten up from the sofa, shirtless, with my boobs red and stiff from Camille's sucking. For another, there was a soft, yielding look on Camille's face. She was giving herself to me. I couldn't bring myself to tell her I'd been using her.

I removed Camille's top. Pretty as her little breasts were, I wasn't interested in them. The possibility of kissing her soft little body all over, however, seemed very appealing. I removed her skirt and panties and kissed her from the neck down. The muskiness of her body was familiar and I realized it reminded me of my own scent.

As I kissed her belly, her body began to move and I realized just how much of an effect I was having on this woman. This had started as a retaliatory measure, but it had gone too far. I would have to tell her. But I found I didn't want to stop loving her. I was scared at the thought; did I really like this? Was I really doing it for pleasure? I wasn't concerned that I had suddenly turned gay or become bisexual. I've always been pretty liberal-minded, I think. What bothered me was, could there be something so big and important about myself that I had never known, that I now was discovering only by the happiest of accidents? Otherwise it would have remained an unknown. What else of equal importance was there about me that I hadn't yet discovered?

If I had any doubt about my reaction, it was quickly dispelled when Camille struggled to stop me, just as I'd kissed my way to her hairless pussy. "Let me do something for you now," she said. "It



shouldn't be so one-sided."

Camille stripped my pants off and ran her hand down the cheeks of my ass. She squeezed my flesh and pulled me toward her. As our bodies touched I pressed against her warm softness, wanting to feel it all, and wanting her to feel all of me. My huge breasts dwarfed her tiny ones, but her nipples were just as sensitive as mine. When we rubbed our breasts together, we both broke out in gooseflesh at the same time.

Camille slipped a hand onto my ass again and then ran a finger between my cheeks, straight to my wet depths. I suddenly realized my pussy was copiously exuding wetness so thick, it was visible in the light. Camille's hand retreated from my nether areas and moved back upwards. The sight of my pussy's glowing wetness on her finger made me more aware of the effect she was having on me, and I was determined to make her feel twice as good.

Making Camille feel good was easy. It was she who suggested that we 69 and I sort of held my breath, afraid I'd freak when faced with





another woman's pussy. But it was easy. I looked at her slit, shaved smooth, and ran my finger into the crack. I ran it the length of her slit, feeling the wetness and touching her inside lips and clitoris. It felt just like my own.

I'm intimately familiar with my own clit, being a highly sexed woman who often masturbates to get my desires filled in the absence of a suitable cock. As I touched Camille's cunt, I felt it was my own. Except for the absence of any sensation between my legs when I wiggled her clit with my finger, I would never have known it wasn't mine I was feeling.

So when I bent to it and kissed it, even though I knew my own pussylips are thicker and fuller—and even though I know I can't really bend over and eat myself out—I had the sensation of going down on myself. The feel, the scent, the slipperiness were all the same. The only thing that marked it as different was the fact that I knew I couldn't be licking my own cunt. When Camille slipped her tongue up into my slit, though, even that last contact with reality was gone and the illusion seemed complete.

I matched her, motion for motion, partly to keep up the illusion and partly to be sure I was doing it right. Curled up to each other like two embryos, our tongues flicked in and out of each other's slits and stroked each other's swollen clits. We dipped our tongues into each other's depths, each motion reciprocated and mirrored.

When Camille had me almost to the point of orgasm, she stopped cold. I grabbed her head and pushed it into me. "No, don't stop, not now... don't stop!" I was frantic

Camille was calm. "It feels too good to finish yet," she said. "Let me do something for you. What do you like?" I was stymied. What did I like from another woman? I told her the truth, that what I wanted was to make her feel good. "But what about you?" she asked, stroking my clit and slipping a finger in and out of my cunt, keeping me hanging as she did. I assured her

I felt wonderful, except for having been brought up to orgasm and kept from going over the cliff. She told me she wanted to give me the royal treatment. I told her I'd let her do whatever she wanted, next time, and I realized it wasn't an empty promise. This time, though, I had my conscience to deal with, and the best way I knew how to do that was to give Camille the best time I could.

I opened my night-table drawer and took out my vibrator. I looked at her soft, tender body, which was laid out for me to play with; I had a desire to pleasure her any way possible. I took the vibrator and gently touched her left nipple with it. It buzzed, Camille's body jumped, and I removed the toy. "Hey!" she yelled, grabbing for my hand to put it back. Then I was the one who advised patience.

let her right nipple feel the vibrator, and then took it away. I put it on the base of her breast and rolled it upward, lightly touching her flesh, just barely making contact. Up and up it went, to the peak of her mountain, and then rolled down the other side. Then the other breast. Not quickly, but not lingering. Enough that she could really feel it. But she begged for more. "Patience, patience," I said.

I touched her thighs next. I was really getting into it. A light touch here, a taste there, touching all over for just a second, just long enough for the tingle to travel from her thigh to her cunt. I watched as the wetness welled within her pussy. A drop slipping out here, a touch of moisture escaping there. Her body was stretched, her face twisted, her eyes closed, her voice protesting her agony in moans that were more expressive than words could ever have been.

The more I made her flames burn, the more mine burned inside me. Heat in my body, heat in my breasts, heat in my soul and in my screaming pussy. I dug into her leg. I was working her over with the vibrator, teasing her thighs, slipping it over the rim of her ass, never giving it to her where she wanted it. I lay down, straddling her, and











pressed myself down on her, crushing into her leg bone and depositing a small puddle of wetness. As I continued to tease her and make her hotter, I humped her leg.

Camille reached down, put her hands under my arms, and pulled me up to her. We lay face-to-face, breasts-to-breasts, pussy-to-pussy. I felt her body along the length of mine, her skin sweaty but smooth and soft, her breath hot on my mouth, her nipples as rigid as mine were. "I want to go down on you," she whispered. "I want to bring you off with my tongue. I want to taste you, I want you to really feel me and know what I'm doing to you. I want you to learn the feel of my tongue, so that even in the dark you'll always know it's me, Camille, and no one else."

There was a lot of future implicit in that statement. I shivered with anticipation. Her words inflamed me, and as I listened I mashed my body against hers. We were on our sides on the bed, facing each other, and I ground myself into her over and over. I kept trying to kiss her too, but she'd kiss me for a minute and then resume her narrative of future pleasures. I'd capture her tongue and run mine up against it, but she'd get away from me and talk to me again about what she wanted to do with me next. I writhed like a madwoman, gasping from the need to climax.

"You'll know it's me. You'll always know it's me," she said, her body matching mine motion for motion, and her juices blending with mine and running down both our legs. Her hot pussy rubbed my skin and burned me, and it felt good. "I want to put my tongue on your button and lick you to an orgasm," she said huskily, between breaths. "I want to make you come now! I want to get you off and lick you ..." Her voice broke off into a cry, and it was too late.

We had climaxed together while embracing each other. I dug my fingernails into her back as she bit my shoulder. Then we held each other as tight as we could and over the thumping of my heart I heard her softly sobbing. When I asked what was wrong she looked at me and smiled. "Nothing," she said in the most earnest voice you can imagine. "It was just so good. I've never come so good."

My pussy felt swollen. It pounded and my clit throbbed. My legs were aching, my back was stiff, and my shoulders hurt where she'd bitten me. I felt glorious; I was exulted. What the hell kind of a Pandora's Box had I opened in myself?

I was scared all over again, but not for long. I got off the bed feeling giddy, dizzy, lightheaded, afraid, and wonderful. I floated into my clothes and drifted back into the other room, looking tenderly at Camille and thinking forbidden thoughts. How would her hair feel sweeping across my tits? Would she like a vibrator inserted between her cheeks, and up? Would I like it if she did that to me? How did my face look? Were other women as good in bed as she was? Would I want to find out? No, cancel that last one. I did want to find out. Would I have the courage to? I answered that one, too: Why not? I'd found out about this one.

acques was glowering at me when we emerged. Jeremy looked uncomfortable, probably because of Jacques. Jeremy finally spoke, saying, "We still have time for a quick game of bridge or some poker." Camille and I broke up laughing.

Needless to say, Jacques and I did not spend that night together. The next day we removed our things from each other's appartements. I don't just "do" women now. I like sexy people, sensual people, warm and loving people of both genders, and I draw my lovers from both sides of the fence. It still sometimes bothers me to think, what else don't I know about myself yet? After all, I'd never dreamed of getting it on with a woman before I met Camille. And if Jacques hadn't tricked me, I still wouldn't know.

Fortunately, there's always that joker in the deck, the wild card that changes the odds. Jacques didn't know he had dealt it to me, but that's what keeps the game interesting.











































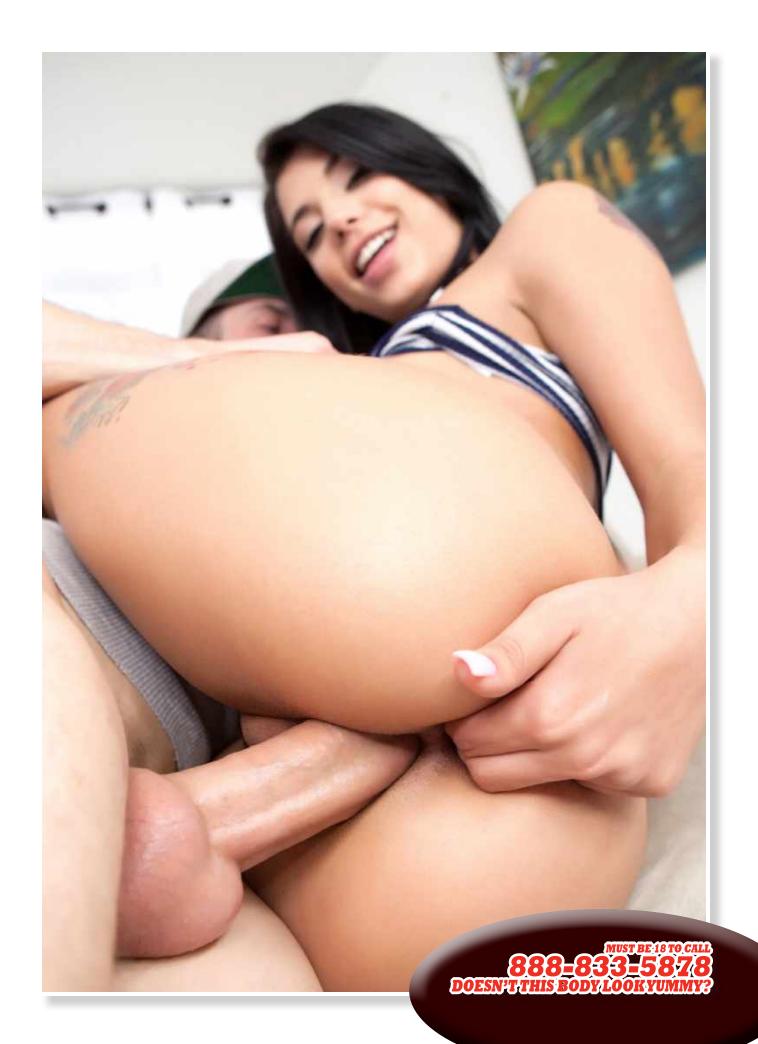




































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I opened my mouth to say something when she put a finger to my lips and shook her head. She had a look in her eyes. Both pleading and inviting. My heart pounded in my chest.

I have to admit; when I started my year-long foreign exchange, I had no idea what to expect. I was looking forward to something new, a new culture, a new way of looking at the world, new friends. What I didn't expect was to find sexual liberation... along with my soon-to-be future wife.

It started my Junior year of college, when I decided that I wanted to experience life in Europe, Italy to be exact. I've always been a little nerdy and bookish, and it felt like I could get a lot out of the experience, even if I wasn't sure what I would encounter.

And the strangest part was the

co-educational dorm at the University of Bologna I was put up in at .

Until then, I'd never even really considered that a college might put two people of opposite genders in the same room, and as I was settling in, I was expecting some dude to come in and take the other bunk. Instead, who should arrive but this tall, leggy woman with long, ravenblack hair, cool, dark eyes, and a soft smile that had a disarming quality to it, even as it seemed to give her command of the room (such as when she asked me to switch bunks with her and I quickly agreed).

At first, I didn't really notice Fa-

biana, but after about a week or so, I realized that I'd stayed relatively quiet, almost cool towards her. On some level, I thought that was what she wanted, but at the end of that first week, she asked me if I wanted to go out into town for a few drinks and to let off some steam.

I was surprised, but quickly accepted, and, for the first time, thee two of us really started to talk to one another. She was local to the area and volunteered to show me around whenever we had some free time. I also discovered that she was into music, was studying composing, and had even written me a couple of songs to help me under-











stand some of the local customs.

As the night wore on, we moved from bars to clubs, feeling the alcohol pumping through us with the beat of the heavy music. The clubs were crowded, and we were pressed together, more than once finding ourselves with different dance partners as the floor seemed to move and gyrate with its own powerful energy surging through men without shirts and women who weren't far behind. The drinks and music made my head cloudy after a while, and my new roomie decided it was time to get back.

Fabiana had to help me up to the room and by the time we got there, I fell onto the bed, arms around her and bringing her down on top of me. It was only after our lips separated that I realized that they hadn't even met. She was looking down at me with an almost unreadable expression as she pulled away.

I blinked away the alcohol and looked up to see her pulling off her

top, and a moment later, she was in bed with me, her perky boobs pressed into my side. My cock soon took over, but I wan't ready yet.

At that point, I just went with it, turning to face her as she leaned in to start truly making out with me. I let my eyes drift shut, letting her take the lead, which she did by taking my hand and guiding it over her body, starting with her pink, perfect nipples that seemed like they were stabbing into me, then leading them down to her waistband to slide off her skirt and panties in a quick motion.

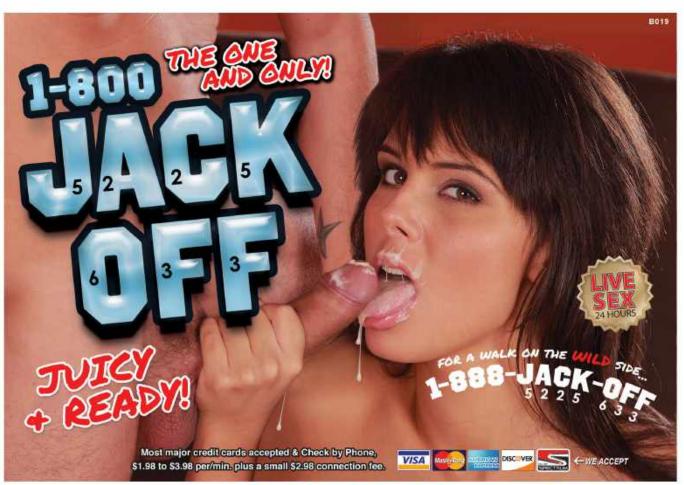
I want to point out that I was not a virgin at this point, but I'd never been with a girl who was so forward. It was refreshing that she knew what she wanted and could tell me without a word as our mouths stayed locked together.

She found my belt and started to unsheathe me only as her lips started moving down my body, and it wasn't long before I felt the tip of her tongue sliding across the head and slit of my bulging cock, taking her time and sending my drunk body into fits and spasms as she slowly swallowed my meat.

I didn't last long, sending huge globs into her eager mouth as she looked up at me with hungry eyes and a beautiful smile, swallowing everything I had before moving up to let my milked cock into her eager pussy while playfully asking if I had enough for a second round. Even just the thought of it sent waves of energy into my balls and I rolled around so that I could start pumping deep inside her.

This time, I lasted a little longer, pushing to keep the feeling right on the edge for as long as possible. When I came, I unloaded a surprising three more helpings deep inside her before collapsing by her side. I haven't spent a night away from Fabiana since, and at the end of the year, asked her to come back home with me. We've been married since that summer.

Roy, just a boy from Illinois































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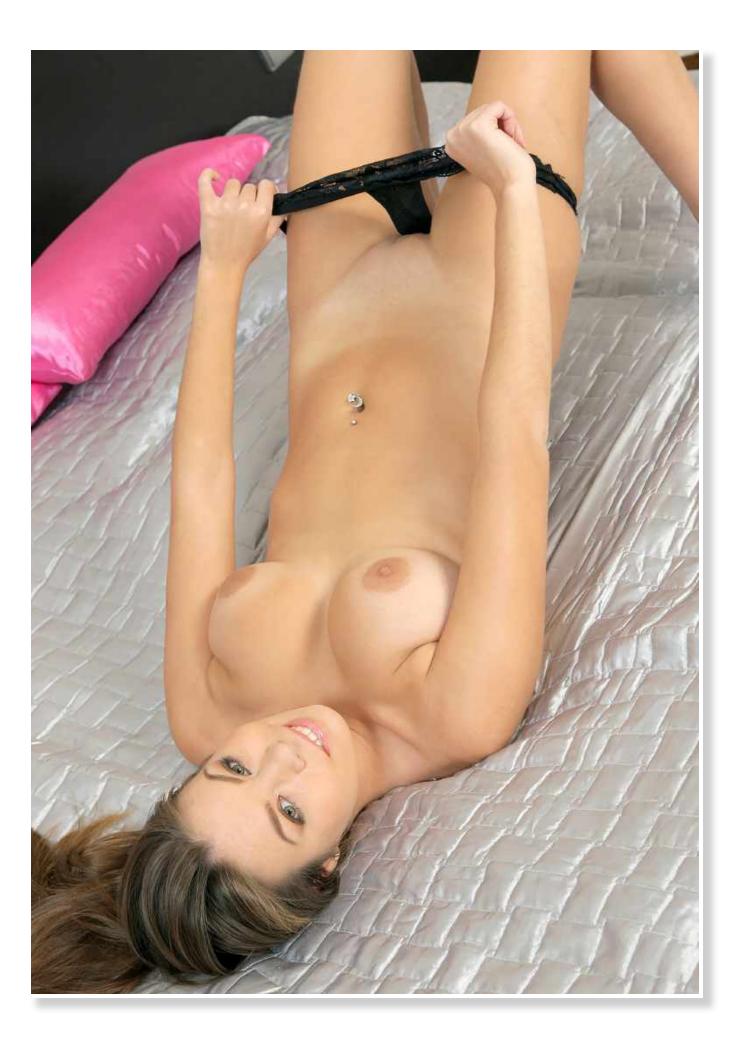


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